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61st CONGRESS }
3d Session }

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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JAMES BRECK PERKINS

(Late a Representative from New York)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTA-
TIVES OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-FIRST CONGRESS
SECOND SESSION

Proceedings in the House
April 3, 1910

Proceedings in the Senate
March 12, 1910

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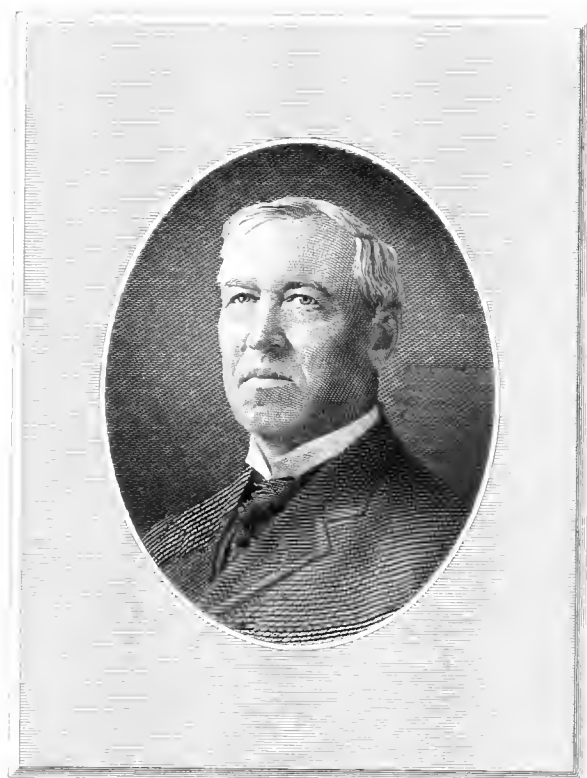


WASHINGTON
1911



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DEATH OF HON. JAMES BRECK PERKINS

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

FRIDAY, *March 11, 1910.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Eternal God, Father of all souls, whose love is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Thou hast touched our hearts with sorrow, because Thou hast taken from our midst one whom we all loved and admired. A man of large parts, as a lawyer he rose to eminence; as a historian he wrought a good work; as a representative of the people on the floor of this House he made himself conspicuous for his wisdom, fidelity, and earnestness of purpose.

We thank Thee for his life, for what he did, and we pray that his memory may ever be an incentive to clean living and honest endeavor.

We can not solve the riddle of life or death, but we can put our trust in Thee.

We know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE PERKINS

Be very near, we beseech Thee, to his colleagues, friends, and the stricken wife, who has walked by his side through the years that have bound them together in love. Help them and her to look forward to a bright beyond, where the mysteries will be solved and happiness reign supreme. And everlasting praise be Thine, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE PERKINS, OF NEW YORK

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce the death of my late colleague, the Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS. Of his private character, his many personal virtues, his high public service, his faithfulness to his duty, I shall not now take the time to speak, but shall ask the House at some future day to set aside an hour to pay tribute to the character of the deceased.

The crowning victory of his life, showing his high sense of public duty, appeared in the last request that he made, that while, if desired, an announcement of his death might be made in the House, he especially desired that no adjournment take place, but that the usual business of the House proceed until the usual hour of adjournment.

I believe there is no precedent in the history of the House where a Member has asked or made such a request. I understand there was one such request in the case of Thomas H. Benton, who had ceased to be a Member of the House before his death. We can not commend too highly this disinterested act of private abasement to public duty exhibited by this request.

At about the usual hour of adjournment I shall make a motion to adjourn in honor of his memory and for the appointment of the necessary arrangements for his funeral.

* * * * *

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Representative from the State of New York;

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take charge of the body of the deceased, and to make such arrangements as may be necessary for the funeral, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House;

Resolved, That a committee of this House consisting of 20 Members be appointed to attend his funeral;

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were agreed to.

The Chair announced the following committee:

Mr. Payne, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Alexander of New York, Mr. Fornes, Mr. Calder, Mr. Fassett, Mr. Conry, Mr. Daniel A. Driscoll, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Michael E. Driscoll, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Cocks of New York, Mr. Foster of Vermont, Mr. Howard, Mr. Wood of New Jersey, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Denby, Mr. Lowden, Mr. Ferris, Mr. Edwards of Georgia.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly, in pursuance of the resolution (at 4 o'clock and 53 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE PERKINS

MONDAY, *March 21, 1910.*

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the adoption of the following order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That there be a session of the House on Sunday, the 3d day of April, at 12 o'clock, to be set apart for eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

The order was adopted.

SUNDAY, *April 3, 1910.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, before whom angels and archangels prostrate themselves in adoration and praise, we, Thy children, humbly and reverently bow in Thy presence with love and gratitude welling up in our hearts because of Thy goodness and wonderful works to the children of men. We thank Thee that Thou hast imparted unto all Thy children a germ of goodness and purity, which is ever struggling for ascendancy in life and action, especially for the good which sees, loves, acts, and inspires action in others, for we realize that to act intelligently, nobly, and generously is the crowning virtue of life. Such was the man in whose memory we gather here to-day. We thank Thee that he lived and wrought and left behind him a career worthy of all emulation as a citizen, a writer, a lawyer, a statesman. We bless Thee for the strong ties of love and friendship, for the hope that looks forward to the strengthening of those ties which shall never again be severed. So comfort his colleagues, friends, and loved ones; and Thine be the glory forever. Amen.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order for to-day.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That there be a session of the House on Sunday, the 3d day of April, at 12 o'clock, to be set apart for eulogies on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York offers the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Member of this House from the State of New York.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. PAYNE. Mr. Speaker, I ask for a vote on the resolutions.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New York, Mr. Knapp, will take the chair.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. PAYNE, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: When a good man dies it is fitting that those who were his daily associates should bear witness to his exemplary life. His good deeds should be held up as worthy of emulation to those who come after him. His life should live on, that it may lead other lives to follow his example and emulate his character.

The good man is not wholly lost to the world when he is laid low in death. Truth, purity, loyalty, devotion to high ideals are as well taught by example as by precept. And so the life is oftentimes more potent here, when we sorrowfully say that it has passed into the hereafter.

I first became acquainted with JAMES BRECK PERKINS in 1863, at the University of Rochester. He entered there as a freshman while I was in the senior class. Fortunately it was a small college, class lines were not rigidly drawn, and we early became warm friends. He was a fine student, a manly young gentleman, and the soul of truth and honor. Although but 16 years of age, he had all those manly qualities that afterwards developed into full vigor. The faculty was an able one, the college too poor to pay the salary of tutors, and so all the students came into daily contact with the best of teachers. The president, Martin B. Anderson, was the peer of any college president in the country. His learning, broad common sense, tact, and ability to lead developed in the mind of every thoughtful student ambition to develop the best that was in him. Many a man in after life has had singing in his

ears the emphatic injunction of this great leader, "Bring something to pass, young man." To young PERKINS, with a mind thirsting for knowledge, ambitious to make his life a success, the influence of such a teacher was of priceless value. The usefulness of a college course depends chiefly upon the student. It is fortunate that this student and this particular teacher met every day for four years in this formative period of the student's character and life.

Mr. PERKINS was admitted to the bar at the age of 21 years, and as we lived in the same circuit we often met in the courts. He prepared his cases with great care, was never taken by surprise, and soon commanded a leading position. A Rochester paper, on the day of his funeral, justly referred to him as the leader of the Monroe County bar.

From 1890 to 1895 Mr. PERKINS lived in Paris, engaged in work on French history; in 1887 his *France Under Mazarin* was published; in 1892, *France Under the Regency*; in 1897, *France Under Louis XV*; and in 1900 a *Life of Richelieu* as one of the *Heroes of the Nation* series.

His historical works, already of great worth, will increase in value as the years go on. They evince great research, broad and accurate information, and a faithfulness to detail and to the truth characteristic of the author.

After his return he resumed his law practice, and was enjoying a large practice at the time of his decease.

Beginning in 1898, he was for two years a member of the New York Legislature, where he was influential in securing much good and wholesome legislation.

But the crowning work of his life was here in the city of Washington. He was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress and remained a Member of the House till his death.

The House, as is its habit, soon learned something of the worth of the man. He never addressed the House

until he had mastered his subject, and then from the abundance of his information he was able to instruct. To such a speaker the House always listens. Mr. PERKINS was able ever to command attention. He could not be called a finished orator. But his analysis was clear as the crystal, his logic unanswerable, and behind the words was the living man, honest, truthful, and sincere. It is to such a speaker that men delight to listen, and by whom people are moved by the magic of speech.

He was thoroughly devoted to his duties here. We all remember his last work in this Hall, when he kept the House in session nearly two hours beyond the usual hour of adjournment, with his determination to pass the diplomatic appropriation bill. While the lines of intense pain were written on his face, and he was physically very weak, his clear brain and his grit carried him through. It was his last day here. He went from the House to the hospital. There, on his bed of pain, he could not forget the place of his labor and his triumphs. He discovered he could see the Capitol from his couch. All through the days of his sickness and pain he would have his door opened, that he might see this beautiful building, thinking doubtless of the scenes that had been enacted during his presence here, and perchance in imagination during his absence. In announcing his death to the House I spoke of his dying request to his colleagues that no adjournment should be had on the day of his death till about the usual hour, lest a day be lost to the transaction of the public business. This was characteristic of the man, thoughtless of self, devoted to duty, and with a spirit of lofty patriotism "he was faithful unto death."

What more fitting than that these memorial services be held on this Sabbath day. We are holding up the example of a good man, honest, faithful, and true, who died in the Christian faith, heir to the life immortal.

ADDRESS OF MR. FASSETT, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: I rise with great diffidence to participate in these ceremonies in honor of our departed friend. I wish to have my share in paying tribute of respect and of affection for our colleague who is gone and of friendship for my personal friend, whom I shall see no more forever. I would be glad if I could say all that there is in my heart to say; but how shall a man enumerate the virtues of a friend or catalogue the factors of his affection? Yet we would like to have the world know him as we knew him. We would like to have others see him as we saw him. It is true he is gone, but his memory remains. What he was to each of us and what he was to this House will abide as a gracious recollection throughout all the coming years. He will continue with us as a part of our experience and of our lives. One of the great compensations for the trials, the struggles, the disappointments, and the bitterness of public life is the opportunity which it opens to meet and know our associates. In no other path of life do men become so well acquainted with each other as they really are. In no other calling or pursuit do men learn so keenly and justly to appraise each other and to know and value truth and merit as they find it. Character in this arena is always subjected to the acid test, and nowhere else are such warm and enduring friendships formed as those which develop out of the contests and the struggles of political experience.

The fierce white light that beats upon men in public life reveals not alone what flaws and defects there may be in life and character, but it brings out the strong

qualities and the noble qualities of character as well. In that same white light the record and the character of Mr. PERKINS shine stainless and flawless. His career in this House was long and honorable. He was one of the strong men in our membership, industrious, studious, tireless, a high type of the American gentleman. From humble beginnings he had made his way by dint of native ability and irrepressible energy to a high position. His life must serve both as an example and as an inspiration to the young men of America. His career itself has been typical. He was always of the sane and normal type of mind, always serene and calm and sure and reliable. He was a brilliant scholar and leader in his classes, foremost in college, successful at the bar, a learned lawyer, a widely read scholar and polished traveler, an historian of authority upon one of the most interesting periods in French history. He was considerate and courteous, always firm in his convictions, and when those convictions found themselves rooted upon principle, unyielding, but always open minded and brave. He was sympathetic to a degree and rejoiced in service. His life was full of good services to others. In his quiet way he was ever eager and watchful of chance to be of assistance to others. In this House he was regarded with respect and affection by all his associates. His public utterances may have lacked the fire and dash of the ready speaker, but they were couched always in the polished phrases and clean-cut paragraphs of a writer of classic English. His style expressed himself—clear, judicial, deliberate, and convincing.

I do not think he could be considered as a showy man, but when there were grave crises before this House, when there were questions of high moment for decision and wise counsel was required, there was no man to whom this entire House turned with more respect and more

confidence than to our friend. In all his work he was exact and painstaking and never spared himself. Few of us will ever forget his last appearance in this House. Though he was suffering greatly, though his body was racked with pain, he gave no sign. He was cheerful, patient, and polite through all of his sufferings. His devotion to duty, his sense of responsibility, his obedience to conscience were so complete that all other considerations gave way for the work which he felt it was his duty to complete. It was characteristic of him that among the last words sent to friends in this House was the message that if by any chance he should never return we should not take the usual adjournment by which the House shows its respect for the memory of those who have gone before, but should complete the tasks appointed for that day; and thus, as always, he put himself last. He left a wide circle of friends. He was modest and unobtrusive in his demeanor, but resolute and unwavering in maintaining a decision arrived at after reflection and always ready to give reasons for the faith that was in him. He was a delightful and interesting companion. Conversation with him was a liberal education. He was neither a pedant nor a pedagogue. His views of life were sweet and wholesome. He was progressive without being radical. He was an optimist, not a pessimist; hopeful, not despondent. His whole philosophy of life was sweet and wholesome and Christian, and he lived up to his philosophy. Whether it was stormy or whether the sun was shining, his attitude was one of complacency, for he lived as one who did daily his daily task and left the consequence with God.

It was nearly 40 years ago I first knew Mr. PERKINS. I knew him for many years before he knew me. I remember distinctly the slender, intelligent-looking, pale-faced lad who visited regularly the library at the University of

Rochester, from which institution he had been graduated in 1868. I remember being attracted by his appearance and asking who he was. I was told his name was BRECK PERKINS, and that he was one of the most brilliant scholars the college had ever turned out; and from that time I followed his career, and had the pleasure years later of making his acquaintance, and later I enjoyed the privilege of a friendship which I trust was mutual. He was a rare man, full, round, and ripe. They say that life is long which answers life's great end, and the great end of life, I take it, is to make the world pleasanter and more profitable for those who live about us; to be a helper, to be of service, to be a bearer of burdens, to be a dispenser of wise counsel and sympathetic aid, to be slow to anger, to be swift in kindness, to help always and to hinder seldom. In these services our friend's life was rich and long. I never heard from his lips an unkind expression toward a fellow man, and no man was ever swifter to see virtues in a friend or readier to rejoice in the successes of another. And so it was natural that as he passed along life's pathway he attracted to him many friends. They were stanch friends; held to him by solid worth and unselfish service. His death was a loss to each one of us; it was a loss to this House; and was especially a great loss to the community where he lived. But his life and character remain an enduring treasure, for the strength of any people is in the number of its righteous men, and the memory and the influence of good men of the type and stature of our friend are the strong towers of the fortress of our liberties.

We say that he is dead, which is to say his soul has parted company with its tenement of clay; but the impulses he imparted to us shall continue to live in us and to bear fruit, each after its kind; and we, in our turn, shall pass them on to those that follow us. Mankind is

continuously at the crest of the wave of inherited impulses and ideas, and thus is ever the heir of all the wealth and splendor of the imperishable ideas of all the ages. For ideas and ideals, after all, are the only real things in the world. Men are but bundles of ideas and dreams clothed upon with flesh. Man passes, but his dreams endure. Humanity perishes, but the humanities remain. And our friend's body is gone, but his dreams of service and of human duty remain. We say to him for a little time, an ever-shortening time, good night, until that bright tomorrow, when we shall meet again face to face and in the white light of perfected knowledge we shall know each other as we are.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLARK, OF MISSOURI

MR. SPEAKER: JAMES BRECK PERKINS seemed to be formed by both nature and education for service in the House. There was no misfit in his case. He suited the House and the House suited him. He took hold at once as an old hand. He rose constantly in the estimation of his fellow Members and of the country from the day of his entry into Congress till the day when he entered the life everlasting. His was not a meteoric or spectacular ascent, but gradual and continuous. There were no backward steps in his progress from the class of congressional beginners to the head of the great Committee of Foreign Affairs. He was equal to the discharge of the duties of every position in which he found himself.

It is interesting to observe what things lead to close personal friendships in this House. Similarity of political views is one, though some of the most bitter enmities are betwixt men of the same political faith. Service on the same committees is another. Interest in the same subjects is still another. Personal association by reason of proximity of desks in the House, by living in the same neighborhood, by attending the same church, and by other circumstances more or less accidental.

I was brought into close relations with Mr. PERKINS by service with him on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. It so happened that during our joint service on that committee Mr. Chairman Hitt appointed both of us members of the subcommittee to recast the bills on the subject of

Chinese exclusion. Prior to that I had had only a passing acquaintance with Mr. PERKINS and had had little opportunity to acquaint myself with his intellectual equipment or his scholastic attainments. During the days which we devoted to our joint labors on that subcommittee I found him to be a most amiable man, possessing a mind both luminous and analytical, with a vast stock of information, and that he was peculiarly precise in the use of words. The fact that we differed widely on several propositions and that I finally dissented from the majority in no way diminished the high estimate I formed of him. Afterwards I always listened carefully to whatever he said in public speech or private conversation, and while frequently disagreeing with him I was always edified and generally instructed by his utterances.

While gentle in manner and courteous to all men, he was exceedingly tenacious of his opinions and supported them with much force and in the best English. He had evidently taken to heart Lord Bacon's words: "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man;" and he was a living illustration of the truth of that terse saying of the father of the inductive philosophy. His style of speaking was formed no doubt from much writing, for he was the author of several historical works, mostly on certain phases of French history. To show how painstaking he was in all he did, it is only necessary to state that he spent several years in France in researches on the scene of the events of which he wrote to verify his facts.

I am glad that he was an author, for I regard it as a decided advantage that our public men are more and more engaging in the writing of books. My friend Mr. McCall, of Massachusetts, has written books of great merit, and my friend Mr. Alexander, of New York, has found time to write the Political History of New York,

in three volumes, which the reviewers pronounce to be a fascinating work.

First and last, there has been a good deal of fun poked at *The Scholar in Politics*; but all sensible and patriotic men must rejoice that the tribe of *The Scholar in Politics* is increasing, for information on every possible subject is useful, sooner or later, in politics, in its higher and better meaning—especially in the two Houses of Congress. Of course, a pedant makes himself ridiculous in politics or out, in Congress or out. I never knew a scholar less inclined to pedantry than was our departed brother.

Mr. PERKINS was a consistent but not a hidebound Republican partisan. He entertained views of his own, not always in harmony with those of a majority of his political fellows, and he was free to express them on what seemed to him proper occasions. This was demonstrated clearly when he delivered his speech on the lead tariff in this House, which was as classical as any speech on the tariff in the last quarter century.

It is said that the President had tendered him a high diplomatic post, which he had accepted tentatively. Had he lived to enter upon the discharge of the duties pertaining thereto there can be no doubt in the mind of any man who knew him that he would have filled the position with great credit to himself and to the honor of the Republic.

ADDRESS OF MR. MICHAEL E. DRISCOLL, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: While we are met to commemorate our late friend and colleague, I wish to express in a few words my high appreciation of the many sterling qualities of his character and my admiration for his great abilities as a writer, lawyer, and legislator.

In my judgment his life was not only eminently successful and honorable but rich and full and enjoyable to an unusual degree. It was almost ideal. In boyhood his physical and intellectual development were not stunted or dwarfed by grinding poverty and want, nor was his disposition soured by adverse circumstances and conditions. His social and religious environment was the best. His parents were not so poor but that they could and did afford him the best opportunities for education and culture. Neither were they so rich nor indifferent to their son's welfare as to pamper and spoil him with luxuries and frivolities which would unfit him for the struggle with the world. He was a brilliant and industrious student, and neglected none of his excellent opportunities, for he was graduated with high honors in the classical course of Rochester University in his twentieth year and admitted to the bar of our State within a few days after reaching his majority. That was, indeed, a good start. Very few young men, even in this land of free schools and abundant opportunity, are at 21 as well educated and equipped for a professional or business career.

But with him it was only a start for the serious and earnest work of his life. He immediately entered upon

his professional work with earnestness and enthusiasm. Always painstaking, accurate, and thorough, he mastered the legal questions involved in his litigations, prepared his cases with unusual care, and tried them with marked ability and success.

It is the lot of the majority of young lawyers to spend some years in drudgery and poverty and professional obscurity, wearing out sole leather in the collection of doubtful accounts, trying justice-court cases, and struggling hard to keep the wolf from the door. But not so with this man. His ability as a lawyer and his fidelity to his clients were at once recognized. His reputation and practice grew, and at an age when the young lawyer of average attainments or less good fortune is preparing for admission to the bar, or straining his finances to pay office rent, he was enjoying the honors and emoluments of a large and lucrative practice.

At the age of 27 he was elected city attorney of the large and prosperous city of Rochester, and as proof of his successful administration of that responsible office he was reelected two years thereafter. In young manhood he became one of the acknowledged leaders of the Monroe County bar, which included in its membership many of the most able and eminent lawyers of the Empire State.

Again, Mr. PERKINS was an exception to the ordinary college graduate. He did not close his books on philosophy, science, literature, and history on receipt of his university diploma, but continued to read and write. With his literary temperament and tastes those studies were a source of relaxation and refreshment to which he turned with pleasure from the annoyances and perplexities of his law office, and he became not only an able and successful practitioner but a distinguished scholar and man of letters. He read French with facility, and while holding his place in the front rank of his profession he

had the inclination and found time to write his *France under Mazarin*.

In 1890 he moved to Paris with his family and devoted the succeeding five years exclusively to the study of European literature and to historical research, confining his attention principally to France in the eighteenth century. Five volumes on French history were the result of his labor and investigation. They are historical works of unusual merit, clear, concise, and thorough, in charming style, and very readable and instructive. Had he done nothing else worthy of mention, this valuable contribution to our standard historical literature would assure him an enviable place among the eminent men of our time. But as a jurist and legislator he is most generally known to the country, and as such, very likely, he will be best known to posterity.

In 1895 he returned to his home and practice in Rochester. Thereafter he served one term in the New York Assembly, and in 1900 was first elected as Representative in Congress.

While Mr. PERKINS was a successful attorney and enjoyed the intellectual work of preparing and trying lawsuits, yet, in my judgment, his legislative duties were more to his taste. In the State of New York our supreme court judges are not only well paid but the term is long, and the position is looked upon as one of great honor and dignity. Almost every ambitious and successful member of the bar looks forward to a seat on the bench as an honorable rounding out of his professional career. In all probability Mr. PERKINS could have gained that prize had he sought it and bent his energies toward its attainment.

But I am persuaded that he preferred to continue as a Member of Congress. On several occasions he said to me that, if he had the choice between 14 years on our Su-

preme Court Bench and the same period as Representative in Congress, he would without any hesitation choose the latter. His broad scholarship and accurate information on many subjects peculiarly fitted him for his duties here. He was patriotic and intensely interested in the national welfare. He recognized the fact that the power and jurisdiction of the Federal Government is constantly increasing, and that the sphere of usefulness for a man of his talents and aptitude is greater in Congress than in presiding at a trial term or listening to arguments and deciding cases on appeal. He enjoyed his work in this body and the companionship and good fellowship of the Members, and he liked to live in this beautiful city, which is the political center, and is fast becoming the social center of the Nation. He had a large circle of friends and a comfortable home where he and his accomplished wife dispensed a generous and genial hospitality. He entered upon his work here with energy and devotion and gave it his undivided time and attention. He did not establish a reputation at once by the turbulent advocacy of any one particular measure or by the delivery of any one brilliant speech, for his voice was not the best and he had none of the arts and but few of the accomplishments of a finished and effective elocutionist. However, his offhand remarks were always to the point and sensible, and his prepared speeches had a literary touch and finish which are quite rare in the Congressional Record. He was not aggressive or pushing; he was never spectacular and never played to the galleries.

He did not seem to court attention or demand recognition. He was at all times modest and unassuming, and therefore his rise in this body and in the admiration and esteem of his colleagues on both sides of this Chamber was rather gradual and steady and the result of hard work and fidelity to his duties. He informed himself not only

on the bills reported from his committees, but as far as possible on all important pending legislation. His regular attendance, his strict attention to his duties, his active participation in debate, speaking only when he had something to say, his power of clear analysis, his sound judgment and independent spirit, made an impression on the membership of this House, and he came to be recognized as a leader in thought, if not in management, and a man whose views were entitled to respectful consideration.

In politics he was a loyal and consistent Republican, and always bowed to the will of the majority on this side of the Chamber, as expressed in caucus or conference and on strictly party questions, while in the consideration of other measures he did not feel constrained to coincide with the majority of his party, but insisted on the exercise of his own judgment and frequently disagreed to the reports of committees and was always able to state his reasons therefor with clearness and precision. He was a man of high ideals and a keen sense of duty, and to say that he was honest, sincere, and conscientious in all things and true in all his relations with his colleagues and to the people whose servant he was is but stating a truism to those who knew him well.

He rapidly rose to the chairmanship of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, a position in the House and before the country of which he was justly proud. It was a sad and almost tragic event in the history of Congress that just as he entered upon the duties of that office he was suddenly stricken down in the fullness of his powers and at the height of his activity and usefulness. His place in this House will not be readily filled.

I was perhaps better acquainted with Mr. PERKINS than with any other man in Congress, for we lived in the same neighborhood, and during several years we made a prac-

tice of walking home together from the Capitol. On those long walks we discussed any and every question that occurred to us, or, strictly speaking, he did, and I was a willing and interested listener. His mind was stored with a remarkable fund of accurate information on a large variety of subjects. During that long and intimate acquaintance when we indulged in a free exchange of views and confidence, I grew to admire and respect him very highly, and was grateful that I could claim him as a close and true friend.

While he had a lively sense of humor and enjoyed a good story or joke, he never, even in close companionship with men, descended to the vile or vulgar. His was a sweet and wholesome nature. His mind was singularly pure and his aspirations high. Jealousy or envy found no harbor in his heart. He was absolutely devoid of affectation or conceit, and he wore well. He loved life and was in harmony with his environment and in sympathy with his fellow men.

His life and service are an example and inspiration to young men, for he personified the kind of life that is worth living. He left his impress on society, not only by his writings and public service, but by his character and influence for good on those with whom he associated. The world is a little better and the people a little happier for his having lived; and in his death his constituents lost a courteous, faithful, and efficient Representative, his State one of its most distinguished citizens, his country one of its most able and honorable statesmen, and his colleagues one of their best-beloved associates.

ADDRESS OF MR. WASHBURN, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. SPEAKER: I wish that my acquaintance with Mr. PERKINS had been sufficiently long and sufficiently intimate to enable me to speak in some detail of the great qualities which he undoubtedly possessed. I have felt in connection with him, as with so many other of my associates here, regret that the pressure under which we work largely forbids that leisurely social intercourse which so soon develops into intimate personal friendship among those of congenial tastes and common aims.

My acquaintance with Mr. PERKINS began with my service in Congress, but I have not had the pleasure or the profit of serving with him upon any committee. Our relations have been most friendly, however, and sufficiently intimate to justify me in availing of the privilege now offered to express in a few words my high regard for him and my great respect for his character and attainments.

Mr. PERKINS was a man of high ideals and great tenacity of purpose, independent in thought and intolerant of every man or measure that did not ring true. He did not hesitate to differ with his party associates if their views ran counter to his own, and whatever he said was listened to with that attention which is always accorded those who never speak unless they have something to say.

To the performance of his duties here Mr. PERKINS brought a mind trained in the law, enriched by the broader vision of the man of letters. His wit was keen, as was his sense of humor. This combination made him a most ready and effective debater. He was quick in detecting the weak spot in an argument and almost merci-

less in exposing it, but what he said was so clearly the expression of a mind that only sought the truth that no one with whom he differed could take offense.

I do not think that any man in the House had a deeper sense than he of his responsibility or sought to discharge it with greater fidelity.

Most kindly and considerate in his relations with his associates, there was added to the feeling of respect we all had for him that of deep affection—a most enduring foundation upon which his memory will rest. Indeed, I doubt if any words uttered here to-day will be as perfect a tribute to the man whose death we mourn as the abiding sense of loss which we have felt since he ceased to go in and out among us.

Mr. PERKINS's unusual qualifications for the place made his appointment to the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs highly satisfactory to all those in and out of Congress concerned in the work of that committee. His wide learning, the fact that he had lived in France for a considerable time, and was himself a historian of acknowledged reputation all contributed to his great equipment for the place.

His public service terminated with his presentation of the annual bill from his committee. Nothing but an iron will held him steadfast to his purpose not to surrender to the inroads of disease until that duty was performed. Mr. Speaker, I can see him now, pale and weak, the hand of death upon him, persisting to the end. That duty done, he went out from among us never to return again. We may well pause to-day and profit, as we must, in the contemplation of the high character and lofty purpose of our late associate. There was a man who in all the storms of life would say, with Seneca's Pilot:

O Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOULDEN, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: In considering the loss of a man who has lived to a good old age and has benefited his time and country with brilliant constructive service, we lament the man's loss considerably less than we extol his service, and give thanks that such a man lived and gave of his best to the country. Death in such a case is more like a rounding out of a beautiful career, and our tears for the loss are blessed ones through contemplation of the sublimely finished life.

On the contrary, when a young life, after signs of great promise, is snuffed out suddenly, our grief is almost inconsolable; our lament is for the bud nipped before it had a chance to blossom, of great possibilities ruined after we had but a ravishing glimpse of them. When we consider the death of a poet like Keats, who in his short life gave us immortal works destined to live as long as beauty and great deeds will live, our minds are lost in wonder at the great works which he might have achieved had he been spared for at least three-score years; if he gave forth master works in his brief life, in his mere youth, he might have rivaled Shakespeare, perhaps, before he was 60.

Our own Lincoln is a pathetic example of a man cut down in mid-career; if he had been spared to his country the history of reconstruction would have been written in very different colors, and one of the bitter periods of our national life would have been a time of blessing and progress instead. He had shown his wonderful ability,

his value to his land, up to the end of the war; and then, when his services were priceless, he was snatched away. We had magnificent proof of his mettle, of what he was born to do; and it taxes the power of imagination to know what might have happened for the good of the country if fate and circumstances had preserved him to us.

It is with such feelings that we are forced to think of the life of JAMES BRECK PERKINS, whose sad loss we are now met to contemplate and lament. Born in Wisconsin in 1847, he was 63 years old when he died; but the number of his years is no measure of his usefulness, since we have every reason to believe that he was about to start on a new career for his country in a diplomatic capacity, giving him further opportunity to prove his sterling worth.

His graduation from the University of Rochester with honors in 1867 gave early promise of the man; and that his alma mater was not disappointed in him is shown by its conferring of the LL. D. degree upon him in 1897, a fitting recognition of his fiftieth year in life. Throughout his life, whether he tried his hand as author, publicist, diplomat, or statesman, he gave evidence of increasing ability and broader experience and expanding mind; to the very end there was no slackening in his grasp or outlook, no running down in ability, no evidence that his usefulness had reached its prime.

He was serving his fifth term as a Representative in Congress when the end came, and his associates in this House would be among the very first to claim that he was infinitely more useful in his fifth than in his fourth or third or others; he was not simply filling a place—new places had to be made to fit his growing worth. As chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he was rendering unique service to the House and the Government, and the fact that he was chairman of such an important committee is the best testimony of his character, since

the chairmanships of such committees are not usually achieved in such a limited number of terms.

I do not believe there is much question about his transfer to the diplomatic corps if physical ills had not settled on him; he had given such signs of his worth that the Government was forced to notice it, although he never shouted about it from the housetops nor kept his henchmen bawling it over the land. It was native genius and ability telling in his favor. He surely would have proven a useful and valuable diplomat and have reflected great credit on his country.

In praising him for the work accomplished in this House, and congratulating his country upon his achievements, we are forced to lament his taking off at a time when he could be of so much more value; when a new career of honor and usefulness was opening out before him; when his work was but partly done. He was but 63 years young, with many more years of creditable service still before him. We can mourn for him with the same feelings that we mourn the loss of Lincoln before he had given to his country all of which he was capable.

Although sickness caught him, he fought bravely and heroically to the end; he never flinched nor gave up hope or courage; he laid down no tasks in despair; he fought on and on, as long as life was left him, in the hope of achieving his best up to the very end. Death could claim no victory over him, even though he left us before his time.

We applaud the man and his work to-day while sadly lamenting his loss to us. We are met to pay a last tribute of honor and respect to a beloved fellow worker whose character we admired and whose rugged honesty was inspiring. There are not many such achieving results without partisan bigotry; and we thank the Great Creator for giving him to us.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE PERKINS

Be ours the duty to follow in his footsteps and imitate
his unselfish, patriotic life.

Show us the truth and the pathway of duty;

Help us to lift up our banner sublime,

Until earth is restored to its order and beauty,

Lost in the shadowless morning of time.

Teach us to sow the seed of many a noble deed;

Make us determined, undaunted, and strong;

Armed with the sword of right, dauntless amid the fight,

Help us to level the bulwarks of wrong.

ADDRESS OF MR. BENNET, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: Our late colleague, Mr. PERKINS, is not only a distinct but a unique loss from among us. As his friends we feel first the personal loss, but already we are beginning to feel the loss to the House and to the country. He had come to fill a place which no one Member will for a long time fill so completely. His service silenced the too ready sneer at the scholar in politics. His attitude illustrated the possibility of complete, recognized, and useful independence within most rigid party allegiance.

He was equally at home in the prepared address on a subject of importance and in the running fire of casual debate. The wise and skillful engaged in argument with him most carefully and circumspectly, and the heedless and unprepared rarely emerged from an encounter with him without evident discomfiture.

His habits of study and concentration admirably equipped him for committee service. He met adequately every situation. To his service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs he brought a ripe knowledge of our own and other countries which visibly aided both the committee and the House. Had he lived he would have ranked with Mr. Hitt as a great chairman of that important committee.

Others have spoken adequately of his achievements outside of this body and, from an acquaintance reaching back to his student days, of his blameless and useful life.

Friend, scholar, statesman, lover of his country, we lose all these in JAMES BRECK PERKINS until the morning breaks.

ADDRESS OF MR. DAVIDSON, OF WISCONSIN

MR. SPEAKER: In conformity with the established practice of this House, we have assembled for the laudable purpose of doing honor to the memory of one who honored this House by being a Member of it, and whose noble and generous deeds in behalf of his country, his State, his people, and his family will ever be cherished in the memory of those who knew him.

JAMES BRECK PERKINS was one of nature's noblemen. To know him was to admire, respect, and love him.

We sometimes, when reference is made to some individual, hear the expression, "He was a gentleman of the old school." In our minds we associate that expression with the character of a man dignified, courageous, courteous, kind, and true. The expression might convey the impression that gentlemen of the new school, or of to-day, are not possessed of these characteristics, and yet no one who ever knew Mr. PERKINS doubted for one moment his possession of all those traits which bespeak the gentleman.

As a Representative from Wisconsin, I offer this tribute to a native of that State.

Mr. PERKINS was born in Wisconsin. He obtained his education and grew to young manhood, however, in the State of New York, and it was in that State, in the city of Rochester, where he first engaged in professional work, and where he continued to reside until his death.

I shall not undertake to speak in detail of his career as a student, as a lawyer, or as an author. I knew him as a Representative in Congress only. His career here, how-

ever, was of sufficient length to enable us all to appreciate his splendid qualities and his great ability.

A faithful worker, he brought to the discharge of every duty a conscientious desire to do that duty well. He sought to legislate in the interests not only of the people of his own district and State, but in the interests of the people of the whole country.

He took a broad view of the duty of a Member of the National House of Representatives. He realized to the fullest extent the desirability of a broad and comprehensive view of every great question confronting us, and whenever he took part in debate or in the perfecting of bills he strove to emphasize that idea. Whether addressing the House in behalf of bills reported from his committee or in connection with measures reported from other committees, he always impressed his colleagues with his absolute fairness and sincerity and his firm conviction in what he believed was right.

I appreciated his appointment as a member of the committee of which I am chairman, that of Railways and Canals. I felt that the committee was honored in having a man of his attainments as a member of it.

His important work, however, was in connection with the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which he had for many years been a member, and of which he had lately become chairman. Though never having served the Government officially at a foreign post, he had, through extensive travel and study, made himself thoroughly familiar with our foreign relations, and this qualified him exceptionally well for service on that committee.

He was devoted and constant in his friendships, unyielding in his loyalty to friends, uncompromising in his fidelity to every political and personal obligation. His personal integrity was never questioned. He loved frankness and sincerity, and hated hypocrisy.

From the day he entered upon his duties as a Member of the Fifty-seventh Congress he rapidly grew in influence, in the respect of his associates, and in his power to command results in the interest of his State and of the Nation. He was a man of untiring industry. He never faltered. He was stricken down in the prime of life and in the apparent noonday of a most honorable and successful public career, and when still higher honors seemed beckoning to him from the future.

Knowing this, it is hard for us to realize that his work was finished and that the time had come for him to rest from his labors. Yet it is not for us to question; it is not for us to doubt. The nobility of a man's life can not be measured by the number of his years. "No one has lived a short life who has performed his duties with unblemished character." Good deeds, virtuous acts, rather than white hairs or length of days, tell the true history of a man's life.

He who rules the universe and determines all things ordained that for our colleague the hour of 12 had struck; yet we can not believe that the book of his life was closed until the accounts were fully balanced. He in whom our friend believed called him hence, and as he had faithfully followed the Master in this life he was ready to answer, "Here am I," when the summons came.

In our weakness and frailty we can not understand why he, who seemed so full of life and courage and who was so able and well equipped to serve his people and his country, should be called away at such a time. Yet some day we will understand, "for now we see as through a glass, darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, then we shall know even as we are known."

He is with us no more. He has entered into that mansion whose portals open only to the approaching guest. We shall see him in the physical sense no more, but the

influence of his character and the glory of his achievements will remain with us forever.

The orb which cast its radiance about us has indeed gone down, but its luster still lingers to light the pathway to duty and endeavor.

✓ We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Measured by this standard, his life was complete and well rounded, his career crowned with success.

Within the sacred portals of that home, now the abode of sorrow and affliction, we would not intrude. Words of comfort and consolation from practically strangers are of but little avail, yet to the broken-hearted widow, who for so many years had been his companion, we offer our sincere sympathy. To her it may now seem as if there was no ray of light from out the future, yet "He who doeth all things well" has said to those so sorely afflicted, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee."

Her faith teaches her that this is not the end; that surely there is an after life where light and peace shall come; where the burden shall be lifted and the heartache shall cease; where all the love and hope that slipped away from us here shall be given back to us again, and given back forever.

Blessed as that faith may be, we realize that in time of sore affliction it is difficult to accept it uncomplainingly, and hence our great sympathy for her who now mourns the loss of a true and devoted husband. Deprived of his counsel, his support, and his love, she sits amid the ruins of a broken family circle, and at her lonely fireside alone "waiting, waiting, waiting for the touch of a vanished hand, for the sound of a voice that is still."

ADDRESS OF MR. PARSONS, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER—

None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.

Those lines succinctly state the affection and regard that any man felt for JAMES BRECK PERKINS who was brought in contact with him, whatever their disparity in years. He had a lovable character. He was unpretentious, sympathetic, and agreeable. He had a keen sense of humor.

He was the scholar in politics. Whatever he said commanded hearing and respect. He illuminated whatever he discussed. Even his opponents gladly listened to him, for he reasoned clearly, and in difficult matters our own judgment is clearer after hearing the legitimate arguments supporting the side opposed to us. His sympathies were as broad as his learning. Pretty much everything interested him.

In his first Congress, the Fifty-seventh, he discussed the tariff, urging a revision which would make free hides, coal, lumber, and meats. From time to time thereafter he discussed the tariff, constantly urging revision, no matter how far off the day seemed. Independent he always was, and so also was he always reasonable. A fine philosophy of history ran through his speeches. His intimate study of France made him look with equanimity on the great fortunes of to-day, for he compared them to those of the great cardinals of France, whose fortunes then, he said, were proportionately as great. History also freed him from fear of evil consequences of some radical

legislation. He introduced a bill and argued strongly for a progressive Federal inheritance tax.

The welfare of the laboring classes was to him, as his speeches show, the desideratum in a country that was to be blessed with prosperity and happiness. It was from their point of view that he approached the tariff, and for that reason that he argued in favor of the exclusion of Chinese coolies and foreign pauper labor. Other matters that attracted his attention were Cuban reciprocity, the Philippine friar lands, Indian affairs, and taxation in the District of Columbia. He was a strong advocate of internal improvements and opposed to great armaments and fortifications. Many a man who differed with him did so hesitatingly, so much did he command respect for his knowledge and learning. In foreign affairs he was particularly interested, and for years he advocated the purchase of embassy buildings.

Equally useful was he in more prosaic matters. He rendered most valuable service to the Committee on Printing.

The high respect in which this House held him was twice conspicuously manifested. He was made one of the managers of the impeachment of Judge Swayne, and he was made chairman of the special committee to which was committed the message of President Roosevelt on the secret service. No unpleasant task than the latter could have been assigned to him, but he handled it with the same fortitude and disregard of consequences that he gave to the diplomatic appropriation bill when the hand of death was on him. He knew no fear.

While he was essentially a student, he was a man of many sides. He loved good music; he was fond of animals; he had killed big game; he knew the "pleasure of the pathless woods," and had traveled oft to see "the wild cataract leap in glory." His joy in things of nature

was echoed in those verses of the hymn, O Mother dear, Jerusalem, which was sung at his funeral, that say:

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Right through thy streets with silver sound
The living waters flow;
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

Those trees forevermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

He made the most of life. He incarnated plain living and high thinking; neither great possessions nor great fame was necessary to his happiness. Of such as he the poet was speaking when he said:

One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

The thing itself and the doing of it gave him satisfaction. This is well illustrated by his own words in his preface written in 1886 to his book on France under Mazarin and Richelieu:

“To a student of history,” he wrote, “the pleasure of being brought into close contact with the great figures of other times, of reading their thoughts and their purposes, of living for awhile in intimate relations with a generation that has long passed away, sympathizing as a contemporary might with their adversity and their suffering, rejoicing in what gratified national pride or increased

individual comfort, is such that though what I have written should only add to the number of valueless books, the years spent in the study of French life and history under the rule of the two great cardinals will have an enduring charm in the recollection of the writer."

JAMES BRECK PERKINS was an ornament to this House, an honor to his State, a noble servant of his district, and a much loved and now lamented friend. The most fitting description of him is in the centuries-old lines of Sir Henry Wotton:

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his master's are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

ADDRESS OF MR. LOWDEN, OF ILLINOIS

MR. SPEAKER: Shortly after I first came to Congress a Member arose to address the House. I was much impressed with his thoughtful and temperate words. I asked my colleague, Mr. MANN, who the gentleman was. He replied that it was "Mr. PERKINS, of New York, one of the most accomplished men in the House." It was not long until I was appointed a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and thus became an associate of Mr. PERKINS. From that day until his last illness my relations with him were close and cordial. He seemed to me then and he seems to me now to have been an ideal legislator.

He was a hard student and brought to any discussion in which he was engaged thorough preparation. He was devoid of affectation, and if any question arose upon which he could not speak authoritatively he frankly said so. As chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he was exceedingly generous to his colleagues, and they not only had respect for his abilities, but affection for his character. He was ideally equipped for his position at the head of the Foreign Affairs Committee. His scholarly qualities, his historical studies, and his experience abroad all conspired to make him a peculiarly efficient chairman of his committee.

He was a lawyer of note, an author of distinction, and a well-rounded man in all respects. His sense of duty was keen, and though already a sick man, he remained in the House until the diplomatic appropriation bill was passed. Urged by several of his colleagues to go away for a rest, he insisted upon remaining here until the bill

was finally passed by the House. No worn and wounded soldier, by sheer force of will, ever engaged in battle with more courage than did JAMES BRECK PERKINS when he led the fight in support of the last diplomatic appropriation bill. No chairman of a great committee during my service here has handled with more tact, or more ability, or more patience a bill reported from a committee than did this sick man on the very last day of his service in the House, and this, too, though it was the first diplomatic appropriation bill of which he had been in charge.

The House and the country will miss him much, but, outside of his family, no one will miss him quite so much, I venture to say, as the members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, whose full confidence he had and whose affections he had won.

His was a charming personality. Cultured, genial, and sympathetic, everybody with whom he came in contact was his friend. It has appeared since his death that he was destined to an important ambassadorship. It is a strange coincidence that he, like one of his predecessors, Robert R. Hitt, died just as his career was about to round itself out in the service of his country as his country's representative abroad. And no one can doubt that both would have served in that capacity with honor to their country and with added luster to themselves.

JAMES BRECK PERKINS died in his prime. To the observer it appeared that many useful years—more useful, perhaps, than any in his successful career—lay before him. His untimely death shocked all. But who can say that this was an ill to him? The longest life is so brief that a few years more or less on earth matter not. The psalmist says:

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

We lament the death of him whom we called our friend, but not so much on his account as on our own. It is those who survive who have our keenest sympathy, not him who has gone from our midst. He who dies as PERKINS died has fought a good fight and won a final victory. But to his family and friends the world will never be quite the same again. And so to-day our hearts go out especially to the widow of this lovable and distinguished man, who fought beside him with courage equal to his own until the final summons came. Our sympathies are with her to-day, for it is true that he finished his career as every brave and loyal gentleman would wish, and is safe in the hands of Almighty God; but she who traveled by his side during the pilgrimage of many years must now pursue her way alone. May God bless her in these lonely hours of her anguish.

ADDRESS OF MR. HINSHAW, OF NEBRASKA

MR. SPEAKER: JAMES BRECK PERKINS was cast in no common mold. He was in reality what is often proclaimed without discrimination "a gentleman and a scholar." Refined, cultured, educated, he added to inborn civility that grace and comeliness which is derived only from study, travel, and contact with the people of the great world. His speech, his writings proclaimed the student and the man of thought. On the floor of this House his talks were brief, pointed, and apt to the time and place. On a notable and delicate occasion, which in less diplomatic speech than his might have provoked dissension, prolonged discussion, and much bitterness, his presentation of the matter was conciliatory, convincing, and exalted, and the resolution was adopted as he requested, "without debate and without dissent."

It has seemed to me that he was peculiarly fitted for the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and that he would have added dignity and distinction to our diplomatic service if, as has been indicated by a letter from President Taft, it was the intention to make him ambassador to one of the larger nations.

In this Chamber he was not voluminous of speech, but on proper occasion he was illuminating, clear, and incisive. Earnest, sincere, conscientious, he regarded his duties seriously, his responsibilities no slight burden.

He spent five years in Paris, engaged in mastering the details of the history of France from the days of Henry

IV to the Revolution. He wrote *France under Mazarin*, *France under the Regency*, *France under Louis XV*, and a *Life of Richelieu*. The purity of the style employed in these works attracts and holds the attention, and the mass of information collated and systematized indicates the vast amount of research and the analytical mind of the author.

Clearness is said to be the essence of style. For this quality Macaulay stands preeminent. Here are a few of the clear and terse sentences which illustrate the clearness and lucidity of the style of Mr. PERKINS. Speaking of the Duke of Bourbon, First Minister of Louis XV, he says:

Beginning life amid the dissipation of the Palais Royal, he ended his days amid the austerities of the Abbey of Sainte Genevieve, but he was so unfortunately constituted that in him even virtue became grotesque; the son of the Regent and the grandfather of Philippe Egalité proved the uncertainty of heredity by giving his time to writing treatises against the theater, in the interval of studies on the theological works of Theodore of Mopsuestia; although his income exceeded three million francs, he slept on a straw pallet, fasted with severity, went without fires on cold and wintry days, and made his fellow monks miserable by the rigorous discipline on which he insisted. Such practices killed him at exactly the same age that debauchery closed the career of his father. Bourbon was not a man of ability, but he had little trouble in pushing his pious cousin out of his path.

Again, he describes the journey of Marie Leszczynski, the Polish princess, who came to Paris to become the wife and queen of the dissolute Louis:

Her journey would have been more comfortable with fewer fêtes and better roads. The weather was rainy, and in those days no royal pomp could overcome the miseries of travel in bad weather. The queen's carriage stuck in the mud, and it needed thirty horses to pull it out. Marie and her suite were drenched, and the peasants were ordered out to assist in moving the luggage; the crops had been bad, and both men and horses looked

half starved; as they worked in the mire the new queen had an opportunity to compare the squalor and misery of the people with the splendor that awaited her at Versailles.

Speaking of the unhappy Huguenot women who were for conscience's sake imprisoned in the tower of Constance:

The prison consisted of two large round halls, one above the other; the lower one received its light from a hole about 6 feet in diameter, and this also served to carry off the smoke; the upper hall was lighted by a similar opening into a terrace which formed the roof. These were the only openings for air and light, and they let in also both rain and wind. The beds were placed around the halls, and in the center the fires were made. In this gloomy habitation women passed long lives of misery, in need, in darkness, in discomfort, listening to the distant sound of the waves and to the howling of the wind over the marshes, and waiting for the day of deliverance which came not.

Again, he sets forth the lethargy and indifference of the French court and the reason for lifelong imprisonment for trivial offenses:

Still they were not released, for that required some act of vigor, some positive departure from codes and creeds, in which few believed, but which all continued to enforce. No one dared to touch the crumbling fabric of barbaric laws; these unfortunate women did not excite the attention of the philosophers; no storm of indignation disturbed the Government as to the inmates of the tower of Constance; the prisoners languished in prison, as did some in the Bastille, not because anyone was anxious to keep them in, but because no one troubled himself to get them out.

While yet in his prime and with long years of usefulness inviting to renewed efforts, and at the very maturity of his powers, Mr. PERKINS was stricken, and fell in active conflict upon the field of battle. We do not know what visions of the coming years may have lured him on.

Perhaps in some wider field he may have desired to expend the activities of his resourceful mind and have given to men the fruits of long cultivation and skillful husbandry. It is sad that often those best prepared to live are most apt to die. And yet, since death must come at last, the time and place of his untimely taking off were not unsuited to the life he led. As Antony said at the dead Cæsar's side: "Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die." He died as he had lived, "among the choice and master spirits of this age."

I do not know what views he held of another life, but doubtless, as he read and pondered the lore of antiquity and grasped the tendencies of modern thought, he could not well believe that this stupendous creation of universe and man was made in vain. And I think we may this day join with Whittier, with some slight change of phrase, as we speak a final word of him who, we hope, has joined the "senate of the skies: "

For love will dream and faith will trust
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth, to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall we not see him, waiting, stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of his beckoning hand?

ADDRESS OF MR. TIRRELL, OF MASSACHUSETTS

MR. SPEAKER: I became acquainted with our lamented associate soon after being sworn in as a Member of the Fifty-seventh Congress. We entered congressional life at the same time, and chance threw us much together then, as it has since, in the swiftly flying years. We were seat mates in the Sixtieth Congress. We often after the daily sessions were over strolled down the Avenue and engaged in that intimate association that leads, for any sort of an appreciative mind, to a disclosure of the tastes, acquisitions, and character of the man himself. It is at such times, in unguarded moments, that the ideals of a man become apparent. In his case they became apparent only as they show, as clear as crystal, in the expressions of his opinions and in the light he shed on the diversified topics he talked upon or argued with untrammelled freedom. So I wish to add my tribute, as to a personal friend whom I loved and admired, now lost to sight, to memory dear.

There is a somewhat artificial life surrounding us here. We know comparatively little of each other, except the few intimates that we make. We must go to the home community, where from boyhood has been seen the development of the moral and intellectual qualities, to correctly judge the man. You can not deceive those who have grown up with you in the public schools or your playmates or associates of early years. They know, if anyone, how you look upon life, what your conditions are, by what motives you are actuated, and how you will be likely to conduct yourself in the exigencies of life. Thus judging, few could stand the test better than he of whom we speak. The news of his decease spread like a pall over

his home from boyhood, the city of Rochester, and the press of that city gave spontaneous utterances to the universal grief. In the review of his life then published there was unanimity in their conclusions, which can be briefly epitomized.

“His career was unsullied.” “He has left an example of cleanliness of life and patriotic devotion to the cause of civic, State, and national righteousness.” “He knew neither fear nor favor.” “He never shrank from the performance of the duty of the hour.” “He had the faculty of seeing the truth and the courage of uttering it.” “He was a zealous and conscientious worker, with a high sense of the responsibility of his office.”

Such are some of the tributes paid to him by the press of his home city, reflecting the estimates of his neighbors and fellow-citizens, who have known him from the early days. He is enshrined in their memory by a monument more perennial, as Horace says, than that of brass. His is an example of a well-spent life, which has left its impress upon his generation. He will long be held as a guide and inspiration for the youth of Rochester, and his brilliant career will often be thus rehearsed on the platform and by the fireside in the days to come. Happy in his home and domestic relations, happy also in the affectionate remembrance of the great city which thus lays its garlands on his grave.

In our estimate, as one of his associates, it is easy to believe that he was precocious and led his fellows in school and college. When 15 years old he won by his record in the high school a free scholarship in the Rochester University, and at the age of 19 graduated with the highest honors at that institution. He had the intrepidity, when 18 years old, to make a six months' trip to Europe with very meager means, traveling mostly on foot over historic ground. France, especially, appealed to him, and

probably was then first conceived the writing of the French histories which will long be the authority on the epochs he treated.

In 1881 he went abroad to study French history and altogether passed nearly five years in France so engaged. His clearness of thought, his grasp of the situation, his selection of salient features of the reign he was depicting, his analysis of the good and bad, the useless and dangerous movements of the age were faithfully portrayed without fear or favor. He came to his own conclusions, which he fortified by facts, and was indifferent to what others might say. In fact, as one reads these pages, the manner, the method, the selection, the structure of the sentences, and the style remind us forcibly of his addresses on this floor, and it was as though he was addressing us and we could hear his familiar voice again.

Our associate was admirably equipped for legislative duty. He had a retentive memory which supplied him with the necessary data to discuss measures brought up for consideration here. He illustrated the apothegm of Bacon that, "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." He was a scholar familiar with the facts and reasonings on which constitutional and legislative enactments were based. His readiness in debate was the result of large experience in that line, and his works as a publicist and historian had balanced his mind so that he arrived at his conclusions not by partial information but by a just balance of all sides of the question at issue. As a debater he ranked high for this reason, and admitting his premises it was hard to controvert his argument. There was always great plausibility in his positions, so that his premises must have weaknesses to successfully win in debate against him. Often great debaters are at times overthrown, but that he seldom was we can all attest.

He was an indefatigable worker, delighting in attacking difficult questions, and would often unexpectedly plunge into strenuous combats. He was seldom absent from our sessions, and had the faculty, while apparently indifferent to what was going on, of observing the question under discussion, ready at a moment's notice to take a prominent part. He had a constructive mind, as his numerous reports bear witness, and no task assigned him was not thoroughly performed. Independency was a marked characteristic, but this independency did not lead him to abandon in the slightest his party fealty. The principles of the party he was aligned with, and by whose confidence he was elected to this body, were faithfully supported, but he did not carry this so far as to lend his aid to any measure which affected the industrial interests of the country because some might say the majority of his party were in its favor. On essentials he was a Republican; on nonessentials he was thoroughly unbiased, and always had a reason for the faith within him.

As a host he was delightful. He knew how to make his guests at home and put them at their ease. Unconstrained, familiar yet dignified, interesting and instructive, not a pedant, but a good listener as well as conversationalist, it was a liberal education to be numbered as one of his intimate friends.

While he was not given to witticism or humor he had a keen appreciation of both. He could reply in similar strains, and it needed a very alert mind not to be worsted in the contest. His growth in this House was marked, and it must be admitted that he attained a commanding position as a Representative in Congress.

I remember well the last occasion of his appearance in the House. He had charge of the diplomatic bill, and as the bill was read was subjected to a running fire of questions in its explanation. I was sitting in front of him and

in full view of him as he proceeded. I was forcibly impressed that he was ill and suffering, and wondered much that he could proceed. Yet his replies were full, satisfactory, and exhaustive. He appeared at ease. There was no trepidation, hesitancy, or lack of coherency. He was himself. An iron will triumphed over bodily infirmity, and a sense of duty carried him victoriously through the trying ordeal. The next day he left us, to return no more.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

ADDRESS OF MR. ALEXANDER, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: Since entering Congress it has been my custom, whenever weather permitted, to walk back and forth between my home and the Capitol, and of those whose company I have frequently shared at these times none were more interesting than my friend and former colleague JAMES BRECK PERKINS. He was both ready and bright. Full of information, accurate in his estimate of men, humorously amiable in his criticisms, and pleasingly just in his judgments, conversation with him was a delight and association an education. With such company long walks excel long dinners, bracing air conduces to thought more than sparkling wine, and the spring sunshine is better for courting the Muses than the diaphanous rays of many electric lights.

It was at such times that I came to know the vigor and extent of Mr. PERKINS's intellectual equipment. His mind was assimilative, his wit at times caustic, although never unfair or conceited, and his talk free and measured. While usually serious he was capable of much of that banter, playing with a topic or with the feeling of the moment, which, for the want of a better word, we call "fun." He loved to toy with another's opinion, to disagree facetiously with the expression of orthodox views, or to advocate playfully the Machiavellian subtlety that characterized the administration of Richelieu, for whose peculiar genius he had great admiration. Yet he rarely left one without discovering that elevation of mind which seeks with an enlightened and open conscience to know the right and, having finally decided what course to take,

dares firmly to support it, disdaining the vulgar trappings of mere wealth and the craze for exploitation. He never posed for the public, nor lived in an arena of social or political intrigue.

To me the chief charm of his personality was his rational independence. Indeed, in theory he came very near being an out-and-out independent. He possessed high ideals, lofty patriotism, and what George William Curtis called "a public conscience." He listened, too, not for the noisy applause of men, but for the still, small voice in his own breast. Nevertheless, although recognizing that the government of a republic must be government by party, he repudiated the Curtis theory that independence of party is more vitally essential in a republic than fidelity to party. This did not make him a devotee of party, right or wrong. While he was plainly guided by that powerful and complex force which we know as party feeling, he did not profess what he did not believe, or affect what he did not feel, or act because of fear. His independence preferred to assimilate the best of the past with the best of the present, not wishing to rely for political safety upon the follies of the opposition. Like a successful soldier, he thought the better way was to move the markers and the flag 10 paces to the front, and by patient firmness and indomitable courage create a new alignment without the confusion of a stampede or the danger of defeat. In other words, he belonged to that decisive element of his party which faithfully, unselfishly, and from its sincerest conviction has always labored to construct and maintain the party because it was to them the best instrument for promoting the best interests of the country.

Of his life's work I became the most deeply interested in the literary side. His mind was of genuine sensitiveness, his reading wide, and his memory sound. He talked familiarly of books, and especially of their authors, whose

names and the very year of their development into writers of more than local repute fell from his lips like the letters of the alphabet. A harder achievement was an analysis of the influence one author seemed to have had upon another. Doubtless his study of French history had unconsciously filled his memory with the similarity of their views, and although the difficulty of tracing these purely literary influences stimulated the critical spirit, and often, perhaps, led him into fanciful likenesses, his readiness in citing illustrations in support of his theory showed the marvelous extent of his knowledge of literature. Moreover, it was intensely entertaining.

Mr. PERKINS was so possessed by the literary spirit that even after admission to the bar he divided his time between law and literature. Year after year he practiced law in the daytime and then wrote far into the night. Finally, at the age of 40, came the publication of his first book. The emotions of an author at such a moment have been aptly described by George William Curtis:

It seems all very natural—

He wrote—

very much as it seems to a young papa, who beholds a redness in a white blanket, and is told that it is his heir; or, perhaps, even more as a sensible tree feels when it sees one of its fruits fallen separate upon the ground.

Speaking of his first volume, Mr. PERKINS said, modestly:

France under Mazarin was, perhaps, successful, but not much of a hit.

Who that really knew him would have expected more? Yet he knew that the book, very kindly received by the American press, was promptly translated into French and

quickly made its way to the other side of the Atlantic. More significant was the sale of a first edition.

After this successful venture the literary spirit seems wholly to have consumed him, and to gratify it he gave up, at the age of 43, an active and lucrative business and went to France, through which he had already tramped as a young college graduate. He never told me, at least not in one consecutive or continued story, how greatly he enjoyed these five years in Paris. But it came piecemeal, as a drizzly rain, or the bright sunshine of a March day, or the chatter of passing Frenchmen suggested incidents which revealed, like lightning in the night, the choice memories of his favorite city. To his eyes everything Parisian was a picture.

Nor did he tell me how deeply it grieved him, after having made good as an accepted historian of high rank, to return to a profession that, however much to his liking, did not appeal to him as a first choice. "I see now," Hawthorne wrote Curtis, in 1851, on the appearance of the latter's Nile Notes, "that you are an author forever." And an author Mr. PERKINS was to the last. Even in Congress he was under the spell of the literary spirit. His set speeches indicate a writer's choice in the selected words, a charm of form, a delicate and studied style, which showed a love of scholarship no less than a delight in the rhythmical flow of language. Yet for the mere daintiness of letters, that overrefinement which robs substance of its inspiration, he had little taste. Nevertheless, his books disclose a student's facility for condensing and a decided preference for the scholar's moderation of statement. His aversion to exaggeration was deeply rooted.

He did not drift into authorship. A marked literary taste seems to have been inherited. In college he studied with eager and tireless zeal the art of writing, revealing the rich character of his mind and leaving behind him

traditions of good work. Years afterwards undergraduates of Rochester University, seeing him enter and leave the college library with arms full of books, turned to admire the student face and benignant manner. Yet there was no pose of learning about him, no assumption that he was a superior being. Nor in later life did he ever speak of his books unless first addressed respecting them. To him writing was a source of profound enjoyment, modestly and affectionately cultivated in the quiet of his study, and the fruits of that love, if harbored at all, were cherished in secret.

His chosen field of history, covering a striking and dramatic period in the life of France, appealed to him, perhaps, not so much because it was dramatic as because it gave free rein to draw conclusions other than those already submitted. To differ with people was easy for one of his mental make-up, as shown in his independence of others' opinions; but the natural expression of his considerate nature made him delicately adroit in his disapproval. This was illustrated in his remarks respecting President Roosevelt's last message.

Although his imagination was subdued, I have wondered sometimes that he did not enter the realm of fiction, for his deep psychological insight and mastery of the inner struggles of men and women, if applied to the characters of a story, must have made him a successful novelist. In his chosen field, however, this gift distinguished him as an historian who could marshal and analyze historic personages with graphic power. Thus he wrote of Mazarin, of Condé, of Turenne, of Marie de Medici, the queen-mother, and of the two Louises, evincing skill as a narrator and hearty enjoyment in what he called representation, while his caustic wit mingled with keen and subtle observation.

His five volumes, the preparation of which extended over sixteen years, must have cost him a deal of labor. He did not seek new sources of information, if, indeed, any such now exist. Nor is it difficult, he tells us, to decide what is of the most importance in French history or upon what authorities one can safely rely. But the examination of manuscripts, official documents, and diplomatic correspondence, to which the French, unlike the American Government, courteously allow ready access, entails infinite labor, since a writer, to correctly understand the purpose of a single act, must often read scores of letters and lengthy reports. Nevertheless, the most difficult task for a writer of French history, especially when studying the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries, is the interpretation of events and the correct estimate of men.

It is a period of duplicity, espionage, plots, and special courts, and responsibility for action is not easily fixed. Historians have despaired of presenting a correct portrait of Louis XV. After studying minutely every act of Richelieu's life, writers interpret him differently. Mr. PERKINS himself, in the preface of one of his volumes, states that whatever view one may take, another is certain to differ. Perhaps it can not be said with truth of any other century of European history that the character of its ablest minister was "complex beyond the ordinary measure of human nature."

Into such an historic field the literary barrister of Rochester did not hesitate to enter, bringing to the work a mind of a fiber as firm as it was fine, aspirations for mental achievement, a point of view of rational independence, and a judgment essentially vigorous and sane. It would be difficult for a writer of French history to leave no trace of the wide and varied sources of his informa-

tion, but the pathway made by Mr. PERKINS, although it blended and incorporated elements of others' work, was a new creation. His skill and experience in assembling and weighing evidence helped him. Moreover, what he said was his own and fashioned by himself. With the coolness of a veteran, he thus sums up the character of Richelieu's brother:

Little could be said against him, except that he was a fool.

If his estimate of the Iron Cardinal himself differs from that of other historians it is because the perspective of two centuries affected his vision less. His catholic mind, unawed by savants and untouched by prejudice, made Richelieu, clad in the red robes of the church, "a national hero," but it also pictured him as a perfect type of Machiavelli's prince.

During Richelieu's administration—

Wrote Mr. PERKINS—

so often had the ax fallen on persons of high degree that when Marshal St. Geran was on his deathbed, in 1632, he said to those about him, "They will not recognize me in the other world, for it is a long time since a marshal of France has gone there with a head on his shoulders."

Mr. PERKINS wrote exactly as he talked. Those familiar with his apropos quotation, his caustic suggestion, his cold logic, and his indifference to standardized views, could, with little difficulty, recognize him as the author of Richelieu's Life without the presence of his name on the title-page. He had no conceits, he suggested no fanciful reasons, he never guessed. To him the mainspring of action lies concealed in the human breast, and in judging men and women his knowledge of human nature alone

governed. Neither professed loyalty nor family ties counted if ambition or other selfish desire were present. When Mary de Medici complained to Louis XIII of his indifference to her happiness and comfort, Mr. PERKINS did not ascribe it to Mary's unmotherly treatment of Louis in his youth. He knew that Louis had little use for his mother, and that she while regent had had little interest in his care and education, because their pathway to continued power led them in opposite directions. Therefore he did not cry or snifle in his speech about the indifference of the one or the tearful complaints of the other. It furnished him no text, as it had to others, for moralizing over the ingratitude of children.

Mr. PERKINS brushed aside with another thrust of his cold logic the argument that a court favorite, Cinq-Mars, who had been guilty of treason, should not suffer death because he lacked mental capacity to do harm. "A man's being a fool," he says, "was no reason that he should be pardoned for being a knave." The action of this favorite upon the scaffold, singing hymns, reciting litanies, and bowing to the vast crowd with smiles of charming sweetness, provoked the satirical generalization that "gentlemen whose lives had been neither useful nor edifying usually faced ruin with calmness and death with a smile." He admits the character of Richelieu would seem less somber to posterity had he granted pardon more freely, but adds that the Iron Cardinal "saved the blood of the innocent by shedding the blood of the guilty."

One can easily understand how supremely happy Mr. PERKINS must have been with his books; but happiness was not limited to his study. He was happy everywhere—happy in his home, happy in his work, happy in his friendships. Jealousy, envy, and distrust found no lodgment in his delightful nature. Moreover, he had a genius

for enjoyment. Although labor crowded him, he found time for generous social intercourse. But the real charm of his personality could be fully appreciated only by those who, having the privilege of his intimacy, knew his freedom from vanity, his gentle manner, and his rare unselfishness. It was due to these qualities of his nature that he was widely held in affectionate regard and that his memory will be a perpetual joy.

ADDRESS OF MR. ANDRUS, OF NEW YORK

MR. SPEAKER: Human life is a mystery—mysterious from its beginning to its end. Where did life begin and where will it end? From the past there comes no echo—from the future no voice is heard.

In a world filled with mystery, what is more mysterious than a human life? It needs the mother's love which warms the jeweled form of baby, for without her loving care it would perish in an hour. It needs the mother's constant care, though her greatest joy, to watch and guard the footsteps of childhood and of youth hard away from slippery paths. Mother's benediction and God's blessing follow the child, as it steps outward over the threshold of the old home for the last time, ere entering upon life's toil and work, from which there is no rest save in the grave.

Life is often called a voyage—a journey—a struggle. If a voyage, who mapped the wide waste of the sea for life's vessel? Who used a plummet, showing the hidden rocks and treacherous shoals? Who trimmed the beacons in the lighthouses on the rocky coast?

If a journey, who built the road and blazed the trail in all its devious windings from the cradle to the grave? If a journey, how does age come back again to childhood's happy hours? White age and childhood together stumble over the wrinkles in the carpet.

If a struggle, who knows better than the toilers that cloud and storm instead of sun is so often over cherished plans? They know, alas, too well, how hard it is to till and sow in spring and never reap and sing the harvest song.

How is it in the struggle of life so many find the latch-string on the cabin door and never find the door of the palace? Yet it was always so; long years ago it was recorded of man in sacred writ "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and that law to-day is unchanged and unchangeable as the needle to the pole.

Life's voyage, life's journey, life's struggle are all failures if they do not from day to day produce something that makes the lives of others sweeter, nobler, and better.

"Kind words never die"; if so, what maxim of the schools can measure their influence through the years?

It costs so little to speak kindly to the sad, the sorrowing, and the suffering, and give a cup of cold water to the stranger at the gate. A kind word from the lips of a Scottish dairymaid falling on willing ears led to a train of thought that relieved the world of one of its fell scourges, and the ages yet to come will never take the crown of glory from Jenner's brow.

Kind words spoken, a word of cheer, a helping hand to the fallen, and cup of cold water to the stranger at the gate will never bring regret to conscience when its rapt and parting spirit leaves a fast-receding world.

A kindly word spoken and the offer of an extended hand to me on entering this Hall is the reason why I now bring my tribute to the memory of the late JAMES BRECK PERKINS. The memory of that hour lingers with me still, and will continue to linger like the echo note of some strangely beautiful song. A noble man, an honored and respected citizen has gone from us, but he left a priceless legacy—a good name. His mind was drilled in the schools and polished by the high ideals and activities of life. He has gone from us, and while the loved ones of his home may wait and listen for the sound of his returning footsteps, they will wait in vain—never again will he gather with those he loved most and best, around the genial fire-

side of his happy home, and never again renew with them his pledges of affectionate attachment upon the altar of a common faith. He has gone where the shadows never lengthen and where the weary are at rest, but he has not gone where God is not. Of him it can be said:

Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
A crown well won,
And now comes rest.

What of those of us who remain? The dial on the clock marks time for all. Man, with all his boasted power and achievement, can only claim the needle point of time a second, and, as I speak, that second has gone to join the eternities of the past. We grasp second by second from the eternity of the future; but soon, how soon we can not say, that grasping power will cease and that monster we all fear and dread will call for another Member of this House. That monster strides through the ages like a colossus, with unerring footstep; he has a long bony arm and fingers without the velvet touch of flesh. He never wipes the death damp from the marble brow; his ear is ever closed to the wail of a mortal delirious with pain; his eye never moistens at the sight of a glazed and glassy eye, a parched and ashen lip, a hectic flush that bodes eternal paleness. Who next of our number will he call? When that call comes to one or another, the one called must go—in going may he go with proud and unfaltering steps down to the shore of the eternal sea and, as he pushes out on that last long voyage, may the winds blow low and the sea be calm, and through the weary watches of the night of death may he ever and anon catch glimpses of the light that comes from the far-off shore and by its aid steer his bark so that at last he may drop anchor in the quiet harbor that nestles just 'neath the evergreen

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE PERKINS

hills of everlasting life, and, with glad, immortal eyes, view the dazzling luster of an eternal day; with eyes that will never grow dim through all the eternities look forevermore upon those angel faces bright that he has loved long years, but lost a while.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution heretofore adopted, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House will stand adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 42 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

SATURDAY, *March 12, 1910.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

The message also announced that the Speaker of the House had appointed Mr. Payne, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Alexander of New York, Mr. Fornes, Mr. Calder, Mr. Fassett, Mr. Conry, Mr. Michael E. Driscoll, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Daniel A. Driscoll, Mr. Goulden, Mr. Cocks of New York, Mr. Foster of Vermont, Mr. Howard, Mr. Wood of New Jersey, Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Denby, Mr. Lowden, Mr. Ferris, and Mr. Edwards of Georgia members of the committee on the part of the House to attend the funeral.

The VICE PRESIDENT: The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

March 11, 1910.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take charge of the body of the deceased, and to make such arrangements as may be necessary for the funeral, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE PERKINS

Resolved, That a committee of this House consisting of 20 Members be appointed to attend his funeral.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Senator from New York submits resolutions which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES BRECK PERKINS, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Vice President to join a committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. PERKINS at Rochester, N. Y.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and to the family of the deceased.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from New York.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

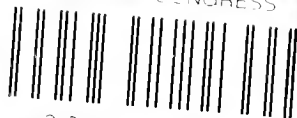
The Vice President, under the second resolution, appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Depew, Mr. Root, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Overman.

Mr. DEPEW. Mr. President, I move as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 25 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, March 14, 1910, at 12 o'clock meridian.



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